

# White Cloud

# Kansas Chief.

OL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME IV.—NUMBER 19.

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1860.

{WHOLE NUMBER, 175.

## Choice Poetry.

### THE EVE OF ELECTION.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

From gold to gray, our mild, sweet day  
Of Indian Summer fades too soon;  
But, tenderly, above the sea,  
Beats, white and calm, the Hunter's moon.

To the pale fire, the village spire  
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;  
The painted walls, whereon it fills,  
Transfigured stand in marble trance.

Our hills leave the west wind groans,  
Yet comes the seed-time round again;  
And more shall see the straw sown free  
With white-flecked, or beautiful grain.

Along the street the shadows meet  
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal  
The world of fate that shape the State,  
And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see the powers that be,  
I stand by Empire's primal springs;  
And prize most in every street,  
And hear the tread of unnumbered Kings.

Not through the crowd the long race lead,  
Beneath the ead, rebuking mood,  
God save the land a careless hand  
May shake or sweep or mow the noon.

Not just in this, one cast of eye,  
May that the hope of Freedom's year;  
Oh! take me where are hearts of prayer,  
And feel the pulse of reverent fear.

Not lightly fall beyond recall,  
The written scroll a breath can float;  
The writing scroll, the lightest act  
Of Freedom, is the Freedom's vote.

For peace that gem a diamond,  
The river in the deep sea dives;  
The right right to honest night,  
Is over through the shadowed fives.

The blood of Vain, his prison pain,  
Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod;  
And here, whose faith drew strength from death,  
And proved his soul up to God.

Our hearts grow cold, we lightly lead,  
The right which leave men dead to gain;  
The rack, the coil, the axe, the sword,  
Ourselves are at the birth of pain.

You shadow tread, and o'er to lead,  
O, martyrs! with your crown and palm;  
Beneath these through your battle songs,  
Your seedling prayers and danger psalm.

Look from the sky, the God's great eye,  
Thou solemn moon, with evening beam,  
Till in the sight of thy pure light,  
Our own self-seeking narrow seem.

Shame from our hearts unworthy acts,  
The fraud designed, the purpose dark;  
And smite away the hands we lay  
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims and private aims,  
Reveal that against face of Truth,  
That were given the age of Heaven,  
The beauty of immortal youth.

Be still our voice of sovereign choice  
Swells the deep bass of duty done,  
And strike the key of time to be,  
When God and man shall speak as one.

## Select Tale.

### KITTY CLYDE.

"Oh! who has not seen Kitty Clyde?  
She lives at the foot of the hill,  
In a little house, by the looking brook,  
That comes from Father's old mill!"  
Oh! who does not love Kitty Clyde,  
The sunny-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass,  
With her sweet dimpled chin, that looks so soft and fair,  
And always a smile on her face?

"With a heart to put in her hair,  
Every morning with line and a hook,  
The sweet little line, through the tall, heavy grass,  
Runs along by the clear running brook!"  
And there her line into the stream,  
And she sits and waits for the fish;  
Oh! how it is with that I was a fish,  
To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde!"

Clatter, clatter, went the old mill, night  
and day, yet nobody in the little cottage  
just beyond seemed to be disturbed by it.  
The old house dog lay lazily on the door  
step, with one eye open, while on the  
window sill puffed repose in comfort.  
The neat curtains looped up so fancifully;  
the pretty jessamines and roses climbing  
up by the porch, spoke of the taste of its  
occupants. Just within the door, in a  
nest white cap, sat the good dame at  
the present moment, with her brow clouded.

"Where can Kitty stay so?" exclaimed  
dame Clyde; "here it is almost dinner,  
and no sign yet of that Kitty! Kit-  
ty!"

But no Kitty came. What keeps Miss  
Kitty? Come with me, gentle reader,  
just up the stream a little way. There,  
upon a large rock, over which the weep-  
ing willow bends, with rod and line in  
her hand, every now and then throwing  
her wealth of curls high in the air, sits  
sweet Kitty Clyde. But why does she  
tarry? Is she waiting for a bite? Ah,  
no, for there beside her sits Harry Jones,  
one arm around her waist, the other play-  
ing with her curls. Very pleasant is  
their talk, for Kitty's musical laugh rings  
out every moment. Never dreaming of  
the time, never thinking of poor father's  
dinner, she sits listening to her lover's  
talk. But just now the sunbeams kiss  
Kitty's face, and remind her of the time  
and of her duties.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed,  
starting up suddenly, upsetting her basket  
and its contents, "it's noon! Oh! how  
mother will scold. It's too bad to keep  
me so long."  
"I hope you, Kitty?" asked Harry;  
"I rather think it your fault."  
"Well, my fault or yours, I'll get a  
scolding, that's certain," and gathering

up her line, rod, and basket, she turned  
towards her home.

"Stop, Kitty, you have forgotten some-  
thing!" Harry cried.

Kitty turned to see what she had left  
when her lover caught her in his arms,  
and gave her a hearty kiss.

"Shame!" said Kitty, "you dare not  
do that again!" and away she scamper-  
ed.

Noon in the cottage, and from the mill  
comes a large, robust man, with the ring-  
ing step of one of nature's noblemen.

With a quick tread he soon reaches the  
cottage, and entering looks curiously  
around.

"How, now, my wife; am I too fast  
to-day?"

"That wild Kitty has been gone all  
the morning, and I don't know when she  
will come home. That girl will surely  
come to no good end, she is so wild," re-  
plied the good dame.

"Nay, wife, she is young yet. When  
she gets older she will be wiser."

Just then Miss Kitty is seen walking  
very demurely towards the house.

"Where have you been, you wild, wild  
girl?"

"To the brook, to catch a trout, moth-  
er."

"And what kept you so long?"

"Why, I sat thinking and thinking—"

"Just think of home a little more, Miss.  
You will surely break your father and  
mother's hearts, if you keep on in this  
helter skelter way."

Kitty's eyes filled with tears.

"I'm sure, mother, if I had thought  
—she could say no more, but weeping  
she turned away.

"Come here, my girl, and kiss your  
father."

With a bound she flung her arms  
around her father's neck, and then around  
her mother's.

"Now, Kitty, hurry and get dinner."

Kitty needed no second bidding. The  
little table was covered, as if by magic.  
The luscious butter, the snow white bread,  
the tempting preserves, soon invited the  
trio to dinner. The humble blessing  
asked, they enjoyed the meal in silence.

Kitty Clyde was the belle of the vil-  
lage, the dream of the young men, the en-  
vy of the girls; and the people said—and  
we all know that people will talk—that  
Harry Jones was Kitty's beau, an insin-  
uation which Kitty indignantly denied.

Be matters as they were, the truth is, Kit-  
ty was a little inclined to coquette. Free  
and open hearted, of good disposition, pre-  
tly face and figure, Kitty liked to be ad-  
mired. To be sure, away down in her heart,  
something whispered "you love Harry  
Jones;" but then she could not be satisfied  
with one "string" to her "bean."

Supper came, and Kitty was missing  
again. In vain dame Clyde called "Kit-  
ty, Kitty!" Where was Kitty now?  
Just in the same place where we found  
her this morning, this time, however,  
alone. There she sat, her eyes fixed vac-  
antly on the waves, looking like a pic-  
ture.

"I wonder who loves me best?" she  
murmured. "John is a fine fellow, but  
he is too polite. Tom loves me, too,  
but then he is too poor. Then there is  
Harry Jones, who—"

"Is here to answer for himself," and  
that individual emerged from a clump of  
trees.

"For shame, Harry Jones, to play the  
even dropper!" exclaimed Kitty.

Never minding her words, he asked:  
"Shall I tell you, Kitty, who loves you  
best?"

Kitty was a little flurried at his sud-  
den appearance, so she answered:  
"I don't know, and what's more, I  
don't care."

"Well, I'll answer, anyhow.  
Kitty put both her hands up to her  
ears, saying:

"I won't hear."

"Kitty," and Harry's voice took a  
deeper tone. "I love you, I have watch-  
ed you for a long time. I have seen you  
bestow many bright smiles on others, but  
now, Kitty, I ask them all for myself—  
Do you love me, sweet Kitty?"

"What nonsense is this?" exclaimed  
Kitty, archely smiling.

"Nonsense. No it is not nonsense—  
Do you love me, Kitty?"

"No!"

opened. It was short and precise:

"Kitty—You do not love me. I am  
going away to-morrow. Farewell! I God  
bless you."

Harry.

Hushing back a sob, she quickly fold-  
ed the note and placed it in her bosom.  
It was hard work to keep back the tears,  
but pride came to her aid.

"What ails thee, Kitty?" asked her  
mother; "art thou sick, child?"

"No, mother."

Just then Mr. Clyde entered.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked  
of Kitty.

"No. What is it, father?"

"Why, Harry Jones is going to  
ship—"

He said no more, but sprang forward  
to catch the fainting form of Kitty.

"Is he gone, father, is he gone?" es-  
pergly asked Kitty.

"Not yet, he starts to-morrow."

"Then I have time;" and up stairs  
she flew. The old couple looked at each  
other significantly. Kitty soon found  
pen, ink, and paper, and wrote this note:

"HARRY—Meet me at the rock to-mor-  
row at sunset. KITTY."

Folded and despatched, Kitty soon  
went to rest. The next evening, she ar-  
rived herself in blue muslin; with quick  
steps she reached the rock. Soon as she  
was, Harry was there before her. She  
sprang into his arms, and laying her  
head upon his manly bosom, wept.

The moonlight discovered them sitting to-  
gether and talking earnestly. What they  
said I don't know; but this I do know,  
that Harry did not go to sea, and that  
Kitty Clyde changed her name to Kitty  
Jones.

When and Where the Dissolution Con-  
spiracy was Plotted.

It is now ascertained beyond a question  
that the conspiracy to dissolve this Gov-  
ernment in case of Lincoln's election has  
its root in the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan;

but it is not as generally known that the  
eggs of the conspiracy were hatching years  
ago, at the Cincinnati Convention.

At that Convention Mr. Buchanan  
was supposed to have entered into a  
convention with the delegates from the  
Atlantic and Gulf States, who were  
generally opposed to his nomination,  
binding him to take precisely the course  
which Mr. Cobb has recently been mark-  
ing out for him. The facts upon which  
this impression is based were reported in  
the Evening Post of that date, and subse-  
quently were made the subject of editorial  
comment.

The following extract from a letter dated  
Cincinnati, June 6th, was written by one  
of the editors at the time, who heard  
the speech referred to:

"No little sensation was produced in  
the Convention by Black of Pennsylvania,  
who closed a speech of thanks to the  
Convention with a quotation from the  
Bible, which, in its application, import-  
ed that in case of dissolution of the Union,  
Mr. Buchanan and Pennsylvania would  
go to the south, of course taking with  
them the army and navy and public treas-  
ure of the country. This is the most lib-  
eral bid the South has ever yet received  
from any Northern statesman. It com-  
pletely takes down Douglas and his Cen-  
tral American slave empire. It is pre-  
cisely what the nullifiers have for years  
been trying to get. What part, if any,  
this pledge from Mr. Black played in  
procuring the strange and hidden transi-  
tion to Buchanan's ranks in the conven-  
tion this morning yet remains to be dis-  
closed. You may be assured that no  
further question will be made at the South  
about Buchanan's soundness on the Kan-  
sas issue. The nullifiers are now ready  
for disunion, as they were for the admis-  
sion of Texas, at the earliest practical pe-  
riod. The verses which embody the new  
declaration of fealty to the South, and  
which were quoted by Mr. Black, are in  
the 16th and 17th verses of the first chap-  
ter of Ruth, reading as follows:

"And Ruth said, Entreat me not to  
leave thee, or to return from following af-  
ter thee: for whither thou goest, I will go;  
and where thou lodgest, I will lodge;  
thy people shall be my people, and thy  
God my God.

"Where thou diest, will I die, and  
there will I be buried: the Lord do so to  
me, and more also, if I forget that thou  
art part and parcel of me."—N. Y. Evening  
Post.

THE BAR AND THE COUNTRY.  
Mr. Parton tells us, in his "Life of Jack-  
son," of an interview between the Pres-  
ident and "Big Sam" Dale, at the height  
of the nullification excitement in 1832.

In the course of a conversation on the  
subject the President said: "General Dale,  
if this thing goes on, our country will be  
like a bag of meal with both ends open.  
Pick it up in the middle, or endwise, and  
it will run out. I must tie the bag and  
save the country."

There is no doubt of the fact that both  
ends of the bag are again open, but we  
know who will tie the bag and save the  
country.—N. Y. Post.

A Washington correspondent of the  
Tribune writes:

Southern gentlemen admit that if only  
the Northern people will quietly await  
the action of the disunionists and not stir  
the flames by interference, there will be  
an uprising of the conservative masses in  
the South that will sweep the disunion-  
ists out of existence.

The Richmond Enquirer declares that  
not one man in Virginia desires a dis-  
solution of the Union.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE FATE OF A FOWLER.

Showing how it is best to be off with the Old  
Love before you are set with the New.

—An—Lord Lovel.

A Fowler once morning a peewee would go:  
"I'm in the bag," he said,  
So in the bush he went to the high and low,  
And helped himself plentifully, low, low,  
And helped himself plentifully.

Just then, there chanced to be cooking his eye,  
Lovel's own head-keeper, J. B.,  
Who caught the bold Fowler a peewee on a fly,  
All under the greenwood tree, tree, tree,  
All under the greenwood tree.

"Oh, what are you doing?" the head-keeper cried,  
"You've got a gun?" cried he;  
"I'll have you taken and bound and tried,  
By the laws of this great country, tree, tree,  
By the laws of this great country."

"Hush! hush! don't say a word!" the Fowler he said;  
"You'll be no such thing," said he;  
"For out of this game my friends shall be fed,  
And you shall be first, if you don't see!  
And you shall be first, if you don't see!"

So a language was straightway struck between  
The Fowler and J. B.;  
And many a year, in the forest green,  
They feasted right lovingly, low, low,  
They feasted right lovingly.

But after a while the keeper grew old,  
And not so fit he was;  
Said Lovel him, "as the Douglas told,  
My fowling for me, he, he,  
My fowling for me, he, he."

So the Fowler bethought him to take his gun  
No longer to Lovel J. B.,  
And straight to the friends of the Douglas he came,  
As they gathered in Charleston city, tree, tree,  
As they gathered in Charleston city.

"Hush! hush!" the keeper, "if that's your way,  
My day is not out," said he;  
And straight to his master he said his say,  
With a semblance of great honesty, tree, tree,  
With a semblance of great honesty."

"A Fowler your name is peewee on a fly;  
"Very well, then," said Lovel, said he;  
"Go seize the vile catfish, Isaiah and John,  
And hang him on yonder tree, tree, tree,  
And hang him on yonder tree."

So the Fowler was long for peewee at last,  
And the moral is plain to see:  
Be off with old friendships ere new ones are fast,  
And look out for the wrath of J. B.,  
And look out for the wrath of J. B.

THE DEAD OF 1859.

The year 1859 is known in modern  
history as the "aristocratic year of death,"  
for the number and brilliancy of the  
famous names which star its long necrology.

In that year Literature bade farewell to  
Goethe and to Scott; Science to Cham-  
poleon and Cuvier. Then Bentham closed  
his eyes in peace upon the triumph of  
the English Reform bill; and the ruler,  
the ruling passion strong in death, lifted  
himself from his pillow with his last  
breath to bid the "Gentlemen of the Ju-  
ry" once more "retire!" Perier, the  
one premier who might perhaps have fixed  
a constitutional throne in France, and  
Mackintosh, Mme. de Staël's "Mr. Har-  
mony," who criticized all parties and  
commended none, passed away together;  
social science lost Say, and philology  
Spursheim, and learning the astutely  
languid intellect of Butler. Then, too,  
faded out of a world in which he found  
no place to fit at once the greatness of his  
name and the frailty of his nature, the  
shadowy form of the second Napoleon,  
whom Austrian soldiers bore to an Aus-  
trian grave with the Archduke of his  
mother's home.

Such a year, indeed, deserves a place  
apart in the solemn Fasti of the world.  
But the year which ended last December  
may claim to stand beside it for the wealth  
and ripeness of the great abscissions it  
has yielded to the old unweary reaper. It  
has been a marvellous year in many ways,  
waking tremendous issues of war and  
trouble on either side of the sea, of which  
no man can foresee the end. But if it  
had been a still, slow year of prosperous  
peace, unshaken by the thunder of can-  
non, unmarked by the fiery cross of re-  
volution and insurrection, the passionate  
conflict of great political principles, it  
still would be memorable in the annals of  
mankind. Ever and anon, amid the hur-  
rying noise of the day, we have been start-  
led by the fall of some majestic flame  
which had stood as a pillar in the midst  
of the age. The mere catalogue of the  
dead of 1859 is an eloquent chapter of  
history, suggesting all that illuminates  
and makes mighty the century in which  
we live. There is, indeed, scarcely one  
department of conspicuous human activ-  
ity which has not lost, during the past  
twelve months, one or more of its chosen  
and accepted leaders; and the world may  
well begin to look about it for the cap-  
tains who are to take up the banners this  
year fallen from strong and worthy hands.  
Science, the mistress of our civilization,  
of the chief Titans of the age of steam,  
they died in a few weeks of one another,  
while fresh achievements were sounding  
their names abroad, more loudly than  
ever over earth. In the Victoria Bridge,  
and the Great Eastern steamship, each  
had attained his latest thought, pregnant  
in each case with still grander results yet  
to be won. But not by them. They  
test, fitly enough, among the kings and  
the heroes of England in Westminster  
Abbey. These were masters of Science  
in its applications to life. With them  
the enduring past has won from us the  
gratitude of a patriarchal philosopher in  
the name of Humboldt, who, carrying  
his vast freight of genius and of learning  
with an unwavering hand through an il-

lustrious career of more than ninety years,  
ended as peacefully as he had lived a life  
devoted to truth and to his fellow men.  
And around these central figures what  
a cluster of eminent workers in every  
path of scientific knowledge. Lardner,  
whose name is in some sort synonymous  
with the popular diffusion of the results  
of philosophical inquiry; Nichol, who  
labored so eloquently in the same field;  
Bond, Nuttall, Olmsted; America mourn-  
ing with Europe.

Literature began the funeral procession  
of the months with the almost simultane-  
ous obsequies of Hallam in England  
and of Prescott in America. These ac-  
complished historians, who won their  
first golden spurs at almost the same mo-  
ment, died within one week; and by a  
curious coincidence, this double loss  
which letters were called to sustain in  
January, was matched at the close of the  
year by the equally contemporaneous de-  
cease of Thomas De Quincey and of  
Washington Irving. Another conspicu-  
ous name within the restricted circle of  
the highest literary culture of our times  
must be chronicled with these, that of  
Sir James Stephen, Professor of History  
at the University at Cambridge, and who  
had long exercised a sort of consultative  
superintendence over the education of the  
heir of the British throne. The world of  
politics has almost literally closed over the  
tomb of a great statesman whose doc-  
trines had ruled the councils of Europe  
for nearly forty years. There is some-  
thing worthy of the Tragic Muse of  
Greece in the close which awaited the fa-  
tally brilliant career of Prince Metter-  
nich. His every success had been a seem-  
ing victory over the laws of progress,  
over the rights of men. And never had  
man been more seemingly successful than  
he, alike in Court and Cabinet. Talent,  
personal beauty, power, fame, wealth,  
had all been lavished upon the diplomat-  
ist whose skill had shaken, down, as it  
was fancied, the whole fabric of the  
French Revolution. He had long passed  
the ordinary limits of human life, had  
seen one after another of his great co-  
temporaries fall around him, and was re-  
served himself to witness at last the down-  
fall of the great system he had found-  
ed; the uprising of the Revolution, and  
even the returning ghost of the Emperor  
he had chained so strongly down upon  
the rock in the Indian Sea. The last sun  
on which he looked shone down upon the  
battle-field of Magenta.

But the triumph which France and  
Freedom won over the death-bed of Met-  
ternich was not unalloyed. The death  
of Alexis de Tootzeville robbed both of  
a loyal and gifted champion, who has  
left behind him but few in any land that  
are fully worthy to wear his mantle.

In our own country the ranks of our  
public men have been less sternly swept.  
Two diplomatists of respectable rank,  
Mr. Rosh, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Ma-  
son, of Virginia, have been taken from  
us, and three Senators have fallen, two  
of whom, Messrs. Geyer and Hannegan,  
who had retired from political  
life. The death of the third, Mr. Brod-  
erick, of California, is not likely to have  
been so soon paralleled in our annals,  
to which it has given one sad and sangui-  
nary lesson.

One most able and  
faithful philanthropist has been removed  
from his labors, in the person of Horace  
Mann, who loved the cause of education  
like a Pestalozzi, and toiled in it like a  
hero.

Our list grows upon our hands, and we  
might attempt it almost indefinitely, were  
we to attempt to include in it all the sim-  
ple eminent persons whom the last New  
Year found in the busy front of life, but  
of whom the year which lately dawned  
will have no more report to give to men.

Two crowns have been taken, one from  
the "foreboding villainous low" of the bat-  
tered Ferdinand of Naples, one from the  
lovely brow of the gentle Stephanie of  
Portugal. The cruel yeh went to his  
bloody account in far India, and the  
sweetest of singers, Madame Bo-  
scio, was frozen into silence among the  
snows of St. Petersburg. Busy and  
prosperous as life has been, death has  
been busy and prosperous too, and the  
old year's annual lesson lies before us to-  
day in a shape more striking, if not more  
solemn than it always wears to our too  
hasty and heedless eyes.

DEMOCRATIC LOVE FOR THE IRISH.—The  
Way it Works.—The treatment which  
the Irish receive from the Democracy is  
beautifully and practically illustrated in  
the recent election in Hamilton County,  
Ohio. Mr. Halpin, an Irishman, was  
placed upon the Democratic ticket, in  
order to conciliate that class of voters,  
and enable them the better to swallow  
the Know-Nothing ticket. As might  
have been expected, Mr. Halpin was bad-  
ly slaughtered at the polls, and turned  
out into the cold. The Irish Americans  
of Springfield fully understand, by actual  
experience, the game by which Mr. Hal-  
pin was thus sacrificed. The nabobs  
like Irish voters, but don't like Irish  
candidates.—Illinois State Journal.

The Washington correspondent of the  
New York Tribune says:

An intelligent Georgia, just arrived  
from the South, told me to-night that  
the arming and forming of Minute Man  
clubs found only among the poorer class-  
es, the poor balance, who had nothing to  
lose, while the larger slave-owners and  
capitalists, knowing too well that in the  
event of dissolution, they would become  
a prey of Great Britain, were utterly op-  
posed to rebellion.

## FLAG OF THE BRAVE.

Republicans, list to the shout  
Of armies of Freedom after;  
They come from each valley and mountain,  
To gather their ranks for the war.

To gather their ranks for the war,  
That shout is the watch-word of Freedom,  
Their banner is borne by the brave;  
On its folds behold Lincoln and Hamlin—  
The Union, they're able to save.

Hasten, then, for Lincoln and Hamlin,  
Let the banner of Liberty wave;  
With Lincoln and Hamlin, our homes  
Will beat to the march of the brave.

Come North and come South all together;  
If shoulder to shoulder we stand,  
The flag of our country forever  
Will wave o'er our prosperous land.

No foreign aggression can fright us,  
Our others still proudly shall wave;  
With Lincoln and Hamlin to lead us,  
We'll stand by the Flag of the Brave.

Hasten, then, etc.

Awake, then, ye carpenters and croakers,  
Away with your ranting and spite;  
The bright sun of Freedom is rising,  
Illuming political night.

In the East see its radiance glowing,  
And gilding the earth with its rays;  
See Faithhood and Ignorance flying  
Like owls from its glorious blaze.

Hasten, then, etc.

Mournful Forebodings.

Occasional, the Washington corre-  
spondent of Forney's Press, in his letter  
of the 16th ult., says:

The apparition of a Republican tri-  
umph begins sadly to trouble the Disunion-  
ists. They have said so much against  
Douglas, and have so loudly declared  
that they prefer Lincoln to him, that they  
now contemplate their fate before their  
own people in the event of Lincoln's  
election. The Republicans themselves  
regard the tribulations of these gentle-  
men with the utmost philosophy. They  
will be very anxious to secure a certain  
Southern support of their Administration,  
and are casting about for the most com-  
petent Southern men who will agree to  
serve as Cabinet ministers under Mr.  
Lincoln.

Should Lincoln be chosen President,  
there will be a sad and mournful pro-  
cession of dilapidated office-holders from  
the various departments. Protected, as Mr.  
Lincoln would be, from the avalanche of  
Southern applications, which has rolled  
in so terribly upon every new President  
since the organization of the Govern-  
ment, and no doubt rescued by patriotic  
resignations on the part of those who de-  
clare that his election will dissolve the  
Union, it will be a most magnificent  
spectacle to see men who have grown gray  
in office—who are, indeed, the checks,  
stops, and obstacles of that great circum-  
locution system which has become a vast  
evil here—turning their trembling steps  
to the homes they so rarely see, and to  
the vocations they have so long aban-  
doned. We shall then ascertain whether  
certain men are indispensable in the man-  
agement of public affairs—whether the  
Union will collapse like a great balloon  
when the gas of the official fire-eaters in  
withdrawn from Washington, and what-  
ever new men and fresh men may not be  
able to prove that this Republic depends  
upon no particular individual, and that  
even a change, no matter how drastic and  
purging it may sometimes be, may not  
save a billious and conteminated system.

The venerables who carry gold canes  
along the avenues every day at three o'clock  
P. M., at about \$1,800 a year a piece,  
and who have grown gouty before dusky  
decks and in cozy snuggeries, realize  
the possibility of a new regime. Their  
disillusion of